

But When the Brides of the Double Wedding Woke Up!.... Their Dreams of Becoming Movie Queens "Faded Out" in a Stolen Motor Smash Involving Their Boy-Husbands

HONEYMOON in California, stellar careers in the movies, love, laughter, wealth and happiness—all this was promised two young wives by the dashing suitors who had wooed and won them.

But when the brides of the double wedding awoke to a realization of things as they really were, they found their romances punctured, their dreams of success and fame on the screen dissolved, and their smooth-spoken mates contenders for a prison sentence.

No crueler awakening can be imagined than that which climaxed the unrealized dreams of these pathetic would-be heroines, in which their unfrocked heroes and a flock of stolen automobiles figured.

Hopes of cinema renown shattered, romance a permanent "fade-out," the two movie aspirants, 18-year-old Lillian Hodkinson and her younger sister, Violet, the disillusioned three-day brides of James Maher and Joseph Winder, now sit at home in St. Louis, plaintively voicing their disgusted opinions on all men in general and two in particular and wondering if they will be able to get back the promise, but ever-so-reliable, jobs that they deserted for—what?

"I never want to see a man again," shrieked Lillian. "I hate them. The time is any good. And as for marriage—never again for me!"

Her bitter recrimination was the echo of a dream that was headed in promissory language for the stars—earthly stars, Hollywood stars. But the romance never got as far as the Hollywood phase—an automobile smash, charges of robbery blocked its progress. Now the double wedding faces a double annulment.

Over a year ago Violet and Lillian first made the acquaintance of their respective husbands-to-be. They met at a party, danced, chatted, joked and went home and promptly forgot all about each other.

But they were to meet again. A year later the same foursome attended another party and this time they did not forget so easily, for they discovered a mutual love—the movies.

They exchanged opinions on their favorite stars, discussed recent pictures, repeated bits that they had culled from film magazines. A friendship of hours developed to the place of years in the warmth of their mutual interest.

And then one of the cinema-struck four fathered a brilliant idea. Jimmy Maher said he had a 2-year contract with an automobile company in California. Why couldn't they all get married and go out West, where the girls could try their fortunes in the films?

It was a thrilling idea to toy with. Hollywood, fine clothes and gay parties. "Miss Violet Hodkinson in 'Love and the Moon'!"—"Miss Lillian Hodkinson (or would she shorten it to Hodson?) in 'Life's Greatest Gift'!" Imagine actually going to Hollywood and getting to know Gloria Swanson and John Barrymore and Dick Barthelmess! Maybe not at first of course—after they'd been there a few months.

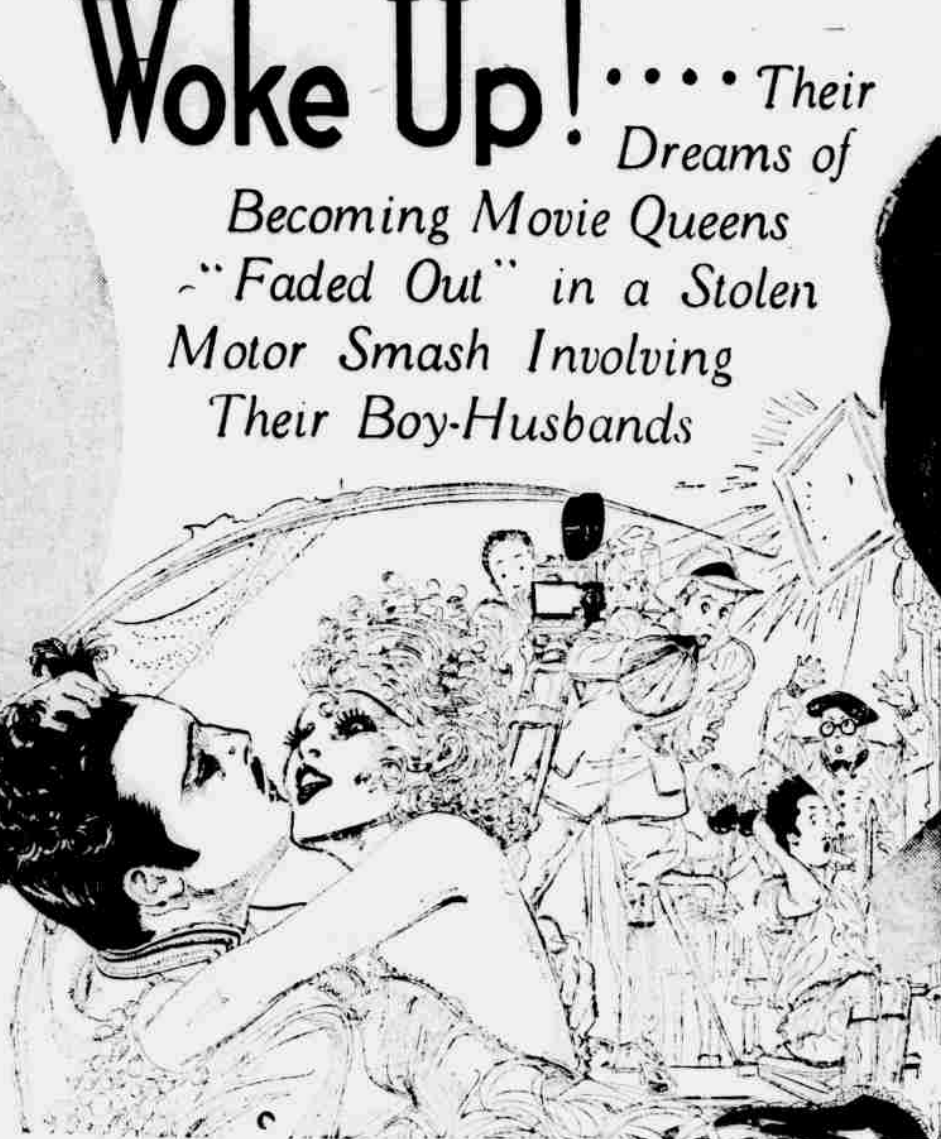
Dreams of success fed the idea. Others had been lucky—why not they? They laid their plans for departure in a state of blissful anticipation, picturing themselves in their favorite cinema roles, escaping villainy, clasped in the arms of righteous heroism. It seemed too good to be true.

"Too good to be true!" That was exactly what mama thought about it—much too good! She frowned on the breathless plans when they were related as sure-to-come-true fact. Such things didn't happen—not often, anyway.

But other things did happen—among them youth's disregard of the warm advice of middle age. And so the maternal



"NEVER AGAIN!"
"Off" Matrimony Are Violet (Left) and Lillian Hodkinson, Sisters, Whose Dreams of Hollywood Careers Were Shattered When Their Young Bridegrooms Were Charged with Auto Theft.



THE MIRAGE.
They pictured themselves in their favorite cinema roles, escaping villainy in the arms of righteous heroism. It seemed too good to be true.

Maher, the police announced, had a previous record. In 1923 he had been arrested for automobile theft and sentenced to Bellefontaine Farms, from which, because of ill-conduct, he had been removed to the Boonville Reformatory, where he served his sentence.

Again in 1924 he was arrested on theft charges—specifically, looting church poor boxes—and again sent to Boonville. Slightly more than a year ago he was released on parole, the official files disclose.

Naturally the news of the incarceration of their respective spouses was a tremendous shock to Lillian and Violet, all keyed up to make the important get-away Westward. They kept in the seclusion of their mother's apartment at No. 4112 Shaw Avenue and would see no one. One glimpse around their living room reduced them to tears. There, stacked on a reading table, were all the movie magazines

they had so hungrily devoured—symbols of everything they had aspired to and lost.

And then the stream of their wrath broke, and they loosed tearful torrents of anathema on their erstwhile adored bridegrooms.

Asked if they still loved their husbands, Lillian replied: "I should say not. We don't ever want to see either of them again."

Efforts to obtain annulments of the marriage are to be made by Mrs. J. N. McNamara, the mother of the girls.

"They are very young and they were dazzled by the attention shown them and the promised trip to California," she explained.

Lillian picked up the thread of comment. "Both of the boys always seemed to have lots of money and automobiles. Now I know that one rented a car and the other got his without his family's permission. Violet and I believed them when they said they had good positions. We had ambitions to 'break into the movies' and Jimmie Maher said we could all drive to California in his car."

"We met them about two weeks ago," she continued. "They began immediately to give us 'grand runs.' We went to shows and movies and parties and had a good time without ever suspecting they were hold-up men."

"We were to have left for California on Wednesday, the day that the accident happened that led to the boys' arrest. The whole thing is just too horrible—and I hate them both," she ended in a flood of tears.

And while the girls grieve over their defeated hopes, their mother enjoys the triumph of vindicated judgment and is heartily thankful that the disillusionment came before their departure for Hollywood, where the struggle to win fame is bitter and where triumph is meted out to only a few of the horde who seek realization of their day dreams.

Thousands of girls flock to the gilded opportunities of moviedom, only to find that the supply of success is greatly exceeded by the demand for it and that countless unwritten tragedies exist for



DISAPPOINTED.
Pretty 16-Year-Old Violet Hodkinson, of Madison, Wisconsin, Whose Aspirations to Be Another Gloria Swanson Were Rudely Dispelled.

every meteoric success story. Numbers of weary extras hang around movie studios and find that the only roles offered them are those of the Great Unemployed in a picture entitled Starvation.

For these, disillusionment is much more bitter than the awakening from a smashed school-girl dream. Cash registers and telephone boards may not be crowded with romance and excitement, but they ARE reliable.

Statistics, officially estimated in Hollywood, disclose an appalling numerical surplus of people in the movie waiting line. The list of principals on tap for directors is estimated at 1,000. Of these some 700 are continuously employed. But of the pathetic 30,000 "waiters" not more than 3,000 are ever in great demand.

Said a photography official whose knowledge of the situation was gained at first hand: "An average of ten extras a year elevated to stellar positions would be a high rating. Within the past ten years there have been only thirty instances of the extra who has become a 'name.'"

"Just because Norma Talmadge was given a long-time contract after having served only two days as an extra on the old Vitagraph lot, every movie aspirant believes that the same good fortune will be awarded her talent and beauty."

But that was when the moving picture industry was in its infancy. For every hundred extras with whom Miss Talmadge had to compete, there are thousands for the present day "super." Talent has to be a gleaming candle indeed to be discernible beneath that bushel of surpluses.

"What do the employed extras earn? Some of the 3,000 'standbys' the regulars, get \$75 a week; from \$40 to \$50 is about the norm for the rest. But the joker in that statement is the vital fact that out of his pay must come wardrobe expenses which are apt to be heavy, for uniforms of all kinds, evening dress, and sports clothes, all are imperative."

"The margin of surplusage among the principals is not alarming; it is too narrow to pinch anyone severely. But the extras—! In spite of the palpable overstocking, these extras, mostly girls, have been inundating Hollywood at the rate of 200 a day."

"Types, always desirable, are scarce. I doubt if, of the 30,000 on the lots, there are fifty men who could creditably play bankers, preachers or diplomats. 'Ladies and gentlemen' for 'atmosphere' are scarce."

"Not unnaturally, though quite illogically, the disgruntled aspirants for screen honors, feel that there must be something crooked in a system that refuses them their chance. But there isn't. In the steady call for the 3,000 standard types the disappointed ones see favoritism and discrimination. Nothing of the sort; merely the desire to engage dependable types instead of unknowns."

"A great many types are cast from life. If the director needs a policeman in a feature, he knows from experience that if he goes around the corner and hires Patrolman Slattery in his off hours, he's apt to get better results than if he relies on a histrionic greenhorn. Bootblacks, hoboes and street sweepers, the flotsam of the city—these emerge with more veracity on the screen when the 'real article' is requisitioned."

"But 'hope springs eternal' and the Niagara of humanity pours in from week to week and settles down, sometimes in actual penury to await that golden event."

"At the Central Casting Agency which is a pooling device for handling the insuperable 'super' problem, two clerks are employed for the sole purpose of explaining to the embryonic Navarros and Pick-fords just why they cannot hope to 'land.' But the incoming mob is not seemingly much impressed. It may be true with relation to all the rest but I'm sure I'll get there—Why everybody back home said I looked just like Leatrice Joy, or Norma Shearer or Marion Davies, and so forth."

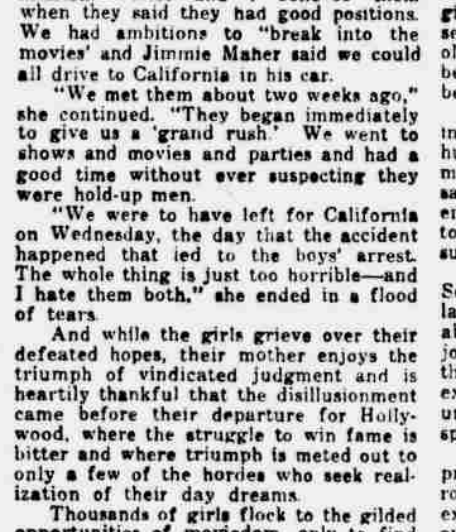
The Hollywood Girls Club, spurred to pity and sympathy by the plight of the many young women on "their uppers," established a fund for temporary emergencies. Donations and annual subscriptions from the studios keep this going, and many a girl has been tided over a rough bit through the club's altruism.

But this does not help to lessen the evil. The mad rush goes on with heart-break, disillusionment and sinking financial resources for those girls led West—and astray from sensible paths—by errant ambition, the will-o'-the-wisp of the silver screen.

So Mrs. McNamara smiles and is glad that an innocuous motor smash prevented even greater despair for her daughters. In time Lillian and Violet may arrive at their mother's opinion, but for the present they sit at home facing defeated hopes and weeping over the disappearance of their Hollywood mirage in the mists of the never-never land.

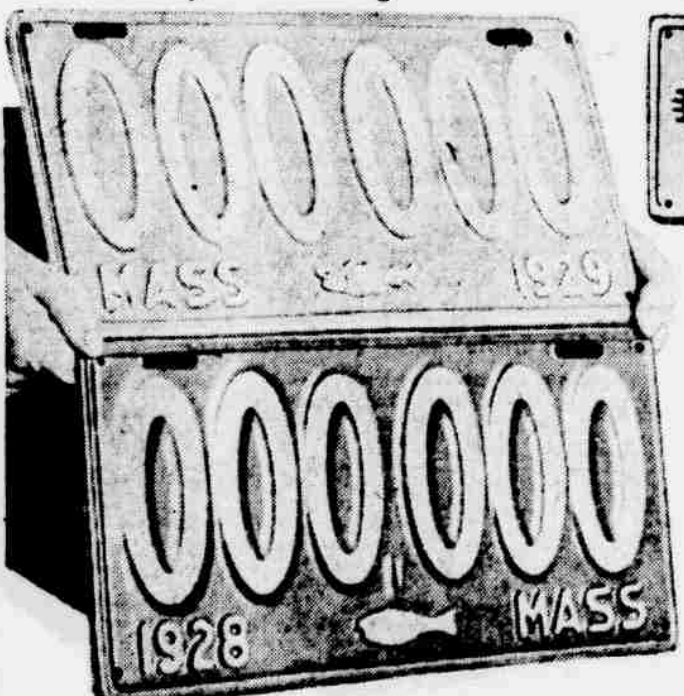


Joseph Winder, Violet's Bridegroom, Who Was Also Jailed.

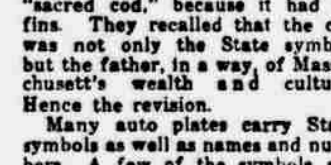
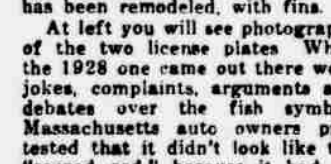
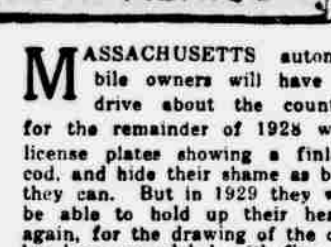


James Maher, Lillian's Husband, Charged with Automobile Thievery.

Funny Rumpus Over the Fish on the Auto License Plate



FINLESS FISH.
Here are Samples of the 1928 and 1929 Massachusetts Automobile License Plates. The Latter Was Revised to Show Fish on the Codfish Symbol, After Vigorous Protest Was Made Against the Finless 1928 Cod.



These Four Auto License Plates Carry State Insignia the Lone Star of Texas, the Star of Kentucky, the Monogram of North Carolina and the Rising Sun of New Mexico at Upper Left.



A pile of license plates merely because the cameraman thought she looked well there.



This Unique Display of Discarded License Plates From Every State in the Union Was Photographed in Los Angeles, With Miss Edna Bulet in the Center of the Picture.